eissippi and its tributaries the settlers early acquire a most intimate knowledge of hoghunting, and at this season of the year, when the wild hogs of the woods and swamps are getting as fat as butter off the falling acorns, the work of herding and hunting the porkers is going on briskly. The farmer's main reliance in many parts of these heavily timbered regions is the wild hogs, and if the pork harvest at home is not a fair one, there is no other course for him to pursue than to beg or starve. The woods are literally full of wild hogs, but animals so different from Northern Berkshires, Chester Whites, and other pedigreed stock, that it requires almost a stretch of the imagination to believe that they belong to the same race. In the autumn they get fat and plump, ready for killing, but all through the winter and summer they roam around after their scanty food, and gradually get so lean that their razor-like backs are the most conspicuous

feature of their carcasses. Although called wild hogs, nearly all of the animals have owners and carry their brands. There are "hog marks" in endless variety, representing splits, underbits, overslopes, fancy figures, crosses, rings and other queer cuts of the hunter's sharp knife or hot poker. A professional hoghunter knows every one of these marks, and he can tell at a glance from his pony's back to whose claim the anima! belongs. Hunting wild hogs is done by means of trained "hog-dogs." These animals are considered the most valuable that the hunter-farmers can possess and they are

reared and trained very carefully. The hogs are left to take care of themselves, and to pick up a living in the forests all through the year, but the "hog-dogs" are tenderly cared for. The conditions that obtain in the North are curiously reversed here. The wild hogs are supposed to be the special creatures of Providence that require no looking after except to be branded and kept from being captured by "another hog feller."

As there are pickpockets and burglars in New York, and horse thieves out West, so there are hog thieves down here; the only difference is that accident or surroundings have turned their attention to different modes of stealing. All farmers are not hog thieves, nor are all hunters engaged in trying to mark their neighbors' young pigs, but in every heighborhood there are disreputable characters who increase their "hog claim" chiefly by this method. Sometimes the better class of owners retaliate by marking up their own claims in raiding their thieving neighbor's flocks. In this way a quiet warfare goes on at all times, and to have a "hog claim" down here one must pay the price of eternal vigilance. The owner must be constantly on the move and watch to satisfy himself that his hogs are not stolen, and most of his time is occupied in hunting the wild flocks that roam around through the woods. Should young unbranded ges be found they nocks that roam around through the woods. Should young unbranded gigs be found they are brought down and marked or deliberately shot.

TRESPASSING HUNTERS. There is current an old belief that at one time all the hogs in the woods were wild. and that a remnant of these large flocks is still in existence. The hunter conseherd with the remark that he thought possibly they belonged to "the wild bunch." When the hogs are discovered the hunter rides up to them until he can see the marks on nearly every animal. If they run away he pursues, using his "hog dogs" run away he pursues, using his "hog dogs" to assist him. The hogs are finally rounded up and examined. A self-respecting hunter will then let them alone, but sometimes one of the animals is shot to supply the house with fresh pork. Probably an hour later another hog claim owner will start up the same herd and give a second long chase. In the course of a day the hogs will have exercise enough in this way to run off considerable flesh and add some tough muscular tissue to their limbs. In fact, the whole life of the porker is made up largely of this sort of wild life, and the meat that is produced in the fall is anything but tender. If it were not for the fall crop of acorns, which tends to fatten the meat rapidly, the Southern pork crop would be pretty poor stuff. As it is, the meat is used chiefly for home consumption, and even some of home consumption, and even some of local markets deal in Western and

There is certainly money made in hog-raising in these timbered regions, and a rog claim, properly attended to, will thrive, but unless thus looked after it will dwindle bog claim, properly attended to, will thrive, but unless thus looked after it will dwindle down into nothing in a year or two. The climate seems to be naturally adapted to raising hogs, and the forest supplies them with all the food they get. Occasionally during severe weather they get very lean and thin, and many die of hunger. If the owners would take the trouble to raise a little corn to tide them over these periods, there would be more profit and less loss. But the Southern hog-owner would never heed such advice. He has been brought up with the idea that hogs will take care of themselves, and nothing can convince him otherwise. A few Northern speculatorn invested in "hog claims" here, hoping to realize large profits on them, as the former cattle owners did in the West. But they did not understand their business, or rather the way business is conducted down in these woods, and they lost heavily. They imported a good man from the North to look after their "claim," and waited patiently for it to increase and bring in a fortune to them. They even figured upon raising corn and rye to fatten the hogs on, just before shipping crease and bring in a fortune to them. They even figured upon raising corn and rye to fatten the hogs on, just before shipping them to market, so that better pork could be sold. But after a couple of years their superintendent resigned his position, and informed his employers that their hogs disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and that even with a good pack of dogs it was impossible to start up a score bearing their marks. The natural inference was that the superintendent had played them false, and efforts were made to prosecute him, and another man was put in his place. But the same result followed, until the Northern owners gave up the work in disgust. This has been the experience of not one, but a number of outsiders, who have tried to take advantage of the natural conditions prevailing for hog-raising.

AN INVESTIGATION. AN INVESTIGATION.

disappointed and cheated out of most of his herds, appeared upon the scene himself, and

Looking at the old hunter, he added: "To you want something to do this fall and winter?"
"I jest guess so, stranger," was the

"Well, I'll give you an interest in my hog claim down here if you will look after the animals. I am going to add several hundred more to the flock right away, and that will keep you busy and give you a

"I'll do it, an' take good care of 'em." The bargain was a lasting one, and no "hog claim" in the Southwest produced more profit than that one. Instead of pigs disappearing from the herd, new ones were strangely added to it. The peculiar mark of the old claim seemed to appear everywhere, on both young and old pigs. The Northern investor never took the trouble to inquire into particulars, accepting it as to inquire into particulars, accepting it as a matter of fact that herds of hogs multiplied rapidly in the Southern woods. But he was shrewd enough to realize that his hunter partner, backed up with his rifle, pocketknife and a flock of good "hog hounds," were essential factors of the wonderful growth. He was never backward in supplying the hunter with good dogs or ammunition when he hinted that they were about run out. The partnership exists even ut run out. The partnership exists even

But turning from the conditions of hog-aising in the Southwest as they exist to those that may prevail in the future, a very different picture can be painted. The

HUNTING WILD HOGS

THEY FATTEN IN THE SWAMPS AND ARE FARMERS' MAIN RELIANCE.

Money to Be Made in Hunting the Animals if Properly Done—Some Incidents of the Business.

Arkansas Letter in New York Post. In the timbered regions of the lower Mississippi and its tributaries the settlers early

and when they become more generally known, small fortunes will be made in the work. Some way of protecting the hogs from poachers will have to be invented, and farms where corn and clover or cowpeas can be raised will be run in connection with the hog-farm. The range is large and supplied plentifully with food generally, but it must be protected, and the hogs must not be worried and chased by dogs as they are to-day. The half-wild hog-dogs are the greatest nuisance to the business. They make the porkers wilder, fiercer, and tougher, and very often destroy some of the young pigs. With a properly protected range well stocked—not with the wild hogs of the Southwest, but with crosses between them and the pedigreed stock up North—money should be realized in the business, and it would repay one for all his trouble.

DO YOU ECONOMIZE? to Do It Without Being Made Entirely Miserable.

"There are all sorts of ways of economizing," remarked Mrs. Pipkins, who was having a chat with her particular chum, Mrs. Thompson, and was in a philosophizing mood. "Some methods are as uncomfortable as possible—some as little so. Indeed, I have practiced economies that were rather fun. Mr. Pipkin's method is of the very worst possible sort. He gives up his glass of wine with his dinner and his cigars. The result is that he feels the grind of poverty very hard indeed—and gets exceedingly cross over it."

very hard indeed—and gets exceedingly cross over it."

"I should think that wine and cigars were the natural things to give up first when one was economizing," said Mrs. Thompson, who is not a philosopher.

"Natural! Why, I call it simply ridiculous—unless one were really in want. I once heard a man say that at a pinch he could get along without some of the necessaries of life—but without the luxuries, never. They were what made life endurable. Well, I have always sympathized with that man. When I want to plan economies I always provide myself with a box of French candies, and then I sit down and think real hard about what can be given up without discomfort.

"Last fal we, in common with most of

given up without discomfort.

"Last fal we, in common with most of our neighbors, found our income somewhat reduced, and that dear, silly old man of mine immediately began to make himself wretched by giving up his little luxuries. I stood it for several days, until he suggested that we had better give up desserts, to which he is exceedingly partial, and then I ordered a box of his favorite cigars and a gallon of wine. I also got my favorite box of candy and settled down for a long argument.

"How did it end? Oh, I showed Mr. Pipkins on paper that by sending away one of the servants and wearing last year's clothes we could have our desserts and little extravagances and really not feel so horribly poor after all. We need not feel obliged to save car fares at the expense of our legs, as some people I know always do when they economize. Really, the most heartrending and temper-spoiling way of saving is that which keeps up appearances at the cost of comfort.

"Yes: I know you think me horribly extravagant because I do not count my ren-

at the cost of comfort.

"Yes; I know you think me horribly extravagant because I do not count my pennies; but just there lies the secret of not feeling poor. To have a small income is a very endurable hardship if only one keeps down the big expenses so as not to have to deny one's self for trifles. Like 'Les petites miseres de la vie humaine,' which we are assured on very good authority are the hardest ones to bear, it is the little pleasures that make life enjoyable. Life is made up of little things. To have one big economy is a bore, of course, but to refrain every time you want a glass of soda water, or a cigar, or a car fare is a constant source of irritation and very bad for the temper, I am sure.

"But I have bored vou long enough with my views of life, and so I will say goodbye and go home and see that my dear old man has something good for his dinner."

THE NEIGHBORLY HEDGEHOG. He Is Much Inclined to Bother the Campers in the Maine Woods.

"Camping last summer in the Maine woods, with deep water fishing for land-locked salmon within five minutes' pull from our landing, fine weather and few mosquitoes," said the Gothamite, "our month of forest life had for ten days a marring element. One night I was awakened by something moving within the tent, pushing about the boxes, tinware and fishing rods and making generally a good deal of a racket. It was not my tentmate Johnson, for I could hear his placid breathing on the other side of me. I turned in the direction of the intruder, and as I d'd so something that felt like a rough brush swept past my face, its contact imparting a peculiar prickling sensation. I jumped to my feet as some small but heavy animal rushed by me and plunged out through the tent entrance. By the glimpse I caught of it before it disappeared in the bushes I saw that it was dark in color and as large as a very large cat.

"Johnson roused himself enough to ask

of it before it disappeared in the bushes I saw that it was dark in color and as large as a very large cat.

"Johnson roused himself enough to ask sleepily what was the matter. I told him.

"It's a hedgehog,' he said. 'Did you catch any of its quills? Well, you're in luck that he rubbed by you with his quills lying the right way. Don't grieve for his departure. He'll be back.

"I drew the flap of the tent tightly and fastened it, but twice more that night I was wakened by the hedgehog's endeavors to get inside. He ran at the noise of my stirring, but after I had sent two revolver shots in search of him he stayed away for the rest of the night. The next afternoon we were away upon the mountains pigeon shooting, and did not get back to camp until dusk of evening. We found on our return that some animal, our hedgehog presumably, had visited the camp and made himself perfectly at home. It had gnawed and torn open a box which had contained sait pork, had nibbled some potatoes, and upset an opened can of condensed milk.

"Something had to be done promptly, for the prospect of having that infernal quill pig rub against me again, when his quills might be turned the wrong way, was not to be endured. I went to my rest—unrest, rather—that night loaded for hedghog, with my gun at my pillow. The animal came round after things had quieted down, and found me on the alert. I bowled him over with a charge of birdshot fired from the tent entrance, while another hedgehog that I had not seen scuttled away in the darkness.

"This neighborly trait of the hedgehog is

"This neighborly trait of the hedgehog is one which campers in the Maine woods soon learn. If undisturbed in his nocturnal visits, he helps himself to anything that strikes his omniverous taste, and his propensity to get his back up on slight provocation causes him to be treated with great consideration as he prowis about the inside of the camp in the darkness. We were favored with nightly visits from these beasts until, at our next trip to the portage for supplies, we procured a steel trap. With for supplies, we procured a steel trap. With this, baited with a bit of porh rind, we caught three hedgehogs in the course of a week, which thinned them out effectually in our locality, for none came about the camp afterward."

### THE BOOK PARTY.

Form of Entertainment to Be Encouraged by Publishers.

herds, appeared upon the scene himself, and started a private examination. He surveyed the field of action thoroughly, studied the characters of the hog owners, and came to his own conclusions. Visiting the cabin of an old hunter-farmer not far from where his "claim" had been located, he said:

"How many hogs are you raising this year?"

"Nary one," was the reply, "Was tuk sick last winter, and didn't get out ag'in 'til spring. Thought I'd die. Now I ain't got a pig anywhere that kin show my mark."

"Why, what became of them? Wander a pig anywhere that kin show my mark."

"Why, what became of them? Wander away?"

"Some did, I guess, but most on 'em was fixed with the pocketknife and the shotgun. That's the way pigs disappear roun' here. They don't generally die any other way. Every man's tryin' to mark up his claim, an' he ain't allus partickler 'bout whose pig 'its that he marks. P'haps I've done it myself afore now."

This admission tailled with the conclusions that the shrewd investor had reached. Looking at the old hunter, he added:

"Do you want something to do this fall and winter?" Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. These latter will always be the favorites with the feminine guests at "book parties" and will be represented over and over again in every city and hamlet in the land. Thus the memory of some old books will be kept alive among people who would otherwise forget them, and the titles of some new books will be made familiar to people who would but for "book parties" never have heard of them. That this must have its effect on sales no one familiar with the book trade will doubt for a moment, and the authors of books with toilet titles will have a distinct advantage over their brethhave a distinct advantage over their breth-ren. It really makes very little difference what an original package of light literature has stamped on the back of it, so long as the phrase or word is striking and catchy, and the wise author will do well hereafter to baptize his bantlings with the requirements of the "book party" well in

The Love That Is Just Right.

Atchison Globe.

There is nothing in this world quite so pretty as the love between a mother and daughter. When we hear that a girl is coming home from school after an absence of several months we usually go to the depot to see her mother hug her. There is something a little funny about the love between man and wife, and there is something not exactly perfect in the love between a mother and son, but the love between a mother and daughter seems to be just right.

Confess I don't understand.

"I don't know why," said D. "I can't think of any real reason for it. We certainly wouldn't overlook the color line in any other family.

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OUT OF THE COMMON. How the Family of a Princess Broke

Down the Color Line in Florida. Correspondence New York Post. The death, in October, of Mrs. Mary K. Sammis, widow of one of east Florida's pioneers, created so much comment and

prought forth so many odd reminiscences, that I accepted an invitation to attend the funeral. I was curious to see the spot in a Southern State where a white man could live a lifetime with a colored wife and not quite lose caste. There was nothing, from the neat parlor

to the well-dressed white company, to indicate that a mulattress lay in the handsome flower-decked coffin. A white minister officiated, and the pallbearers were from "good old white families." Her own relatives, now chiefly quadroons and octoroons, were the only colored persons in the as-

semblage. When the funeral procession passed into the sandy road, a small group loitered through the familiar grounds. It was a fine old place, rich in fruit trees and flowering shrubs, and shaded by giant live oaks.

"The last look at an old landmark," said F. "It won't take Sammis's children long to divide up and change 'round. Yet it seems but a little while since we were dined and wined by Colonel Sammis in the "But not your wives," I said, taken by

"Not in a scciety way, of course. But instances were not wanting of our wives being entertained by Mrs. Sammis, who had early won their entire respect. She was a thoroughly good woman and as much of a lady as culture could make her."

"She was unspoiled," added D. "The notice of white people didn't make a fool of her, and she never presumed upon it. She would sit at the head of her table, in a rich dress and gay turban, chatting pleasantly and looking after our comforts, but not dining with us. She knew her place."

"Yes," assented F., "she played a diffi-cult role singularly well. As for keeping colored company, she no more thought of such a thing than did her mother, the prin-

"The princess?"

"African, but none the less a princess. It was in those good old days when pirateers and slave ships were matters of course. Zach Kingsley, a St. Domingo planter and slave-trader, married, on one of his African trips, the black princess who had captured his fancy. He bought Ft. George Island, made his home there, and there, during his frequent absences, his wife ruled 2,500 slaves with a rod of iron."

"En wha' fo' no?" asked a cracked voice behind us.

We turned and saw a small, dried-up negro

we turned and saw a small, dried-up negro man so old—so very old—that death seemed really, and without any figure of speech, to have forgotten him—so withered and decayed an object that it was a wonder to see him standing there, even with the aid of two stout sticks.

"Hello, Daddy Buck," cried F., "ain't you lost? How did you get here? By hoodoo? We're in high company to-day," turning to me. "This remnant of humanity was once a king."

"Me yerry P'incess Tai's dottah dead en

me com t' see. Her fadah tribe nesta mine. Me king in my country. Uddah king, en king son, en king dottah come yerry on de slabe ship. Buckra steal um er buckra buy um; a' de sem. He tie chain 'roun um neck, en cram um 'way down de hol, wey dey choke en sick t' deff. Strongeh ones come out en wuk en buckra cottoneh ones come out en wuk en buckra cottonpatch. Me one. P'incess Tai, she cap'n
wife. She ride en cabin. On Fort George
she p'incess-queen. Niggah on'y eat, en
sleep en lib 'cause she let um. But she
know me. Me king in my country. Oberseer lash no tech my back."
"Yes, Daddy Buck, that's an ancient
story, and a trifle tiresome. Hold your
royal palm. Here you are."
F. tossed him a coin, and we followed
suit. His erstwhile majesty did not condescend to render thanks, and, apparently,
they were not expected.

descend to render thanks, and, apparently, they were not expected.

"The Wandering Jew done in black," said D. "He was supposed to be one hundred when he came here. His subjects captured him, brought him to the ship and made Kingsley a present of him just to get rid of him. As he intimated, Mrs. Kingsley posed more as a queen than a mistress, and was to speak lightly, despotic. She made Kingsley a good wife, though, and he was an affectionate husband. Strange to say, he had not a particle of color prejudice. The race question never troubled him, until his daughters returned from a Northern seminary, highly educated and accomplished. Even then it was only because of the peculiar social attitude of the South that he wanted white husbands and wives for them."

South that he wanted white husbands and wives for them."

"No easy task. I should think."

"Oh, 20,000, the marriage portion of each daughter, was no small inducement, especially to men not brought up with violent race prejudice. Three white men of good character, Sammis, Baxter and Mc-Neil, thought it worth the incumbrance of a dusky bride. They married and settled in this country. Their sons and daughters were educated North, and came home to seek, in their turn, white husbands and wives."

"I am mistaken in supposing such marriages to be contrary to Florida law?"

"I am mistaken in supposing such marriages to be contrary to Florida law?"

"No, you are perfectly right. But love laughs at locksmiths under all complexions. What do you say to going out to sea with your best friend, a chaplain, a pretty girl, and coming back married?"

"It would impart the last spice of romance that could possibly be added to a wedding. It sounds like the old-fashioned story: 'And they lived happy ever after.'
I hope it ended so."

"As happy as most, I believe, Sammis

"As happy as most, I believe. Sammis funked at first, and would run away. I've heard my father say; but as Kingsley invariably hunted him up and brought him back to his wife, he settled to the inevitable. Of course, each generation backtable. Of course, each generation, having less and less of dark blood, found it easier "Have all remained true to their white

"One of the women became a widow, and afterwards married a negro. Her son, by the white husband, also cast his lot with his mother's race: but they are disowned by the rest, and their very names blotted out." "While the others are growing whiter and

whiter?"

"Some of them are very white indeed," answered F. "The present Sammis married a pronounced blonde. I met him not long since with his little boy, a lovely child, with yellow curls. heavenly blue eyes and a roseleaf skin. While Sammis is quite light he shows the negro blood, and it sounded odd enough to hear that exquisite, fair child calling him 'papa."

'There must be many a romantic story connected with this family."

"Yes," said D. "The Kingsley daughters and granddaughters were all handsome, clever and good. They successfully refuted our theory that no woman who possesses a drop of negro blood can live virtuously. They were as chaste, modest and high They were as chaste, modest and high minded as the proudest Caucasian that ever lived. And they fascinated more than one Southern aristocrat to the point of offer-

"That was their chance," said I. "That was their chance," said I.

"It was; but they were wise enough to refuse it. They knew that they and their children would be repudiated by their husbands' families. They were too proud and too well aware of their own worth to submit to such a fate."

"A cruel position, at best, for girls such as you describe. It is easy to imagine their unbappiness." unhappiness."
"Oh, they had a good time," said F. "All the granddaughters went to Europe, and while in Paris one of the Baxter girls created quite a sensation. She was called 'the American beauty,' and really had, they say, society at her feet."

"Those halcyon days are passing away with the oid stock," said D. "The new Pharaoh knoweth not Israel. The Kingsley descendants have lost beautiful Fort George island, and have run through with them would be money and represent left them the money and property left them. There is little in the quiet citizens and hum-drum wives of to-day, grateful for any stray bit of notice from the whites, to suggest the brilliant men and women of a for-"You forget Mrs. R.," said F.; "besides

a pretty little home, she has a white 'housekeeper' (which means servant) and patronizes several white ladies. For her, at least, the race question is satisfactorily solved. So, even now, they receive more recognition than they could or did expect, and have been exceedingly fortunate. You see, there was always the black blood to hold them back." "That was my supposition; but I find the difference between it and the history of the Kingsley family confusing, to say the "Oh, you are not to imagine this an or-dinary occurrence. In fact, there is noth-

ing similar in the history of Duval county. It is an exceptional case." "But why is it an exceptional case? I confess I don't understand."
"Why?" echoes F., puzzled. "I don't know why, I'm sure."
"I don't know why," said D. "I can't think of any real reason for it. We certainly wouldn't overlook the color line in any other family."
"Don't you know," said F. "that some

THE NEW YORK STORE THE NEW YORK STORE THE NEW YORK STORE THE NEW YORK STORE

# Annual Sale

# Embroideries

An extra fine line of Swiss and Cambric Edges just-received direct from the manufacturers in Switzerland. These goods were all made to our especial order in the dull season, and will go at lower prices than ever.

500 strips, each 41 yds. long, worth 5c yd.; take the whole 41 yds. for 5c.

500 strips worth 6c a yd.; the whole 4½ yds. for 14c. 500 strips worth 7c and 8c a yd; 23c for the strip of

Cambric and Swiss Edges, pretty, dainty patterns, 1 to 12 inches wide, at 9c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 17c, 19c, 20c and 25c a yd.

On the Front Bargain Table

60 pieces hand-made Linen Lace, 11 to 3 inches wide, worth from 8e to 121c a yd; all go at 5e a yd.

# GRAND HALF-PRICE SALE OF FURS

Here are 40 Electric Seal Capes, newest styles, excellent qualities, and we have cut the prices exactly in two.

DESIGNATION OF THE PARTY.				
\$10.00	Capes go	for	\$5.00	
		for		ğ
		for		
		for		
	THE REAL PROPERTY.			

HOW'S THAT!

A few fine English Marten Capes, \$50 values, go at \$25.

# **WRAPPERS**

Big lot of Wrappers, \$1.50 values, go for \$1 now.

# ON WITH THE JANUARY SALE

# Dress Goods to the Front THIS WEEK

Also special offerings in Black Goods Silks, Blankets and Linens. Real and learn how to buy with profit to yourselves.

#### Dress Goods West Aisle.

Established 1853.

36-inch Illuminated Serges, 15c a yard. Reduced from 25c. 40-inch All Wool Striped Cheviots at 19c a yard. Would be a bargain

20 pieces Strictly All-Wool Two-Toned Cheviots. A 50c quality for 29c a yard; all fine mixtures and good qualities.

50-inch All-Wool Heather Mixtures, 25c a yard. Notice the width Would be a bargain at 50e. 40-inch Silk and Wool Imported

Cloths in Checks at 50c a yard. Can't be bought elsewhere in this city for less than \$1.00 a yard. Try A broken line 50-inch Imported

Cheeks and Stripes at 69e a vard. Always sold at \$1.25 a yard. Wm. F. Read's Genuine Landsdown Suitings, in all colors, at \$1.00

During this sale our \$1.50 Broadcloths will be sold at \$1.00 a yard.

High Novelty Dress Patterns for \$6.98. Prices were \$25, \$30, \$35. No comment needed.

West Bargain Table

100 pieces New Spring Styles Genuine JAMESTOWN Suitings. Designs controlled exclusively by us at 39c a yard.

Black Goods w

12 pieces all-Wool Black Figured Satin Berber and Corded Grounds. Orig-inal price, 75c; Monday you can have them for just half or

37 1-2c a Yard SILKS Center Bargain Table.

24-inch Silk Plushes, suitable for Opera Wraps, Children's Cloaks, Sleeves, etc.; regular \$1.50 values for

89c a yard.

A large line of Fancy Taffetta Silks at 89c a yard

West Aisle. A lot of Colored Silk Plushes and Velvets at 25c a yard. A 36-inch Crepe de Chene, all Silk,

at 49c a yard. 5 pieces Black Satin Duchesse; a 75c quality at 49c a yard.

# Big Reductions in Blankets

10-4 Good-Weight Cotton Blankets, bound edges, at 39c pair; a bargain at 50c.

Half-Wool Blankets down to \$1.75 a pair, and they are \$2.50 values. Heavy 10-4 Red and White Wool Blankets new \$2.50 a pair; have sold

One-fourth to one-third off all better Blankets. We mean business. Comforts from \$1.00 up; a special value at \$1.25.

Fur Robes, all kinds and at all prices, but every price a winner. A special in Angora Fur-Lined Robe at \$2.89.

#### Household Linens

17-inch Heavy Bleach Crash, worth 10c, for 61c a yard. inch All-Linen Brown Twill sh, 10c value, for 7c a yard. a0 doz. 19x36 Hemstiched Huck

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SHREWD HETTY GREEN. Some New Stories Concerning This

Wealthy and Eccentric Person. New York Tribune. Some new stories of Mrs. Green's shrewdness came to light yesterday. Her son Edward owns and manages a railroad about two hundred miles in length running into Waco, Tex. The railroad runs through a stock grazing country, and for several years Mr. Green had been subjected to petty lawsuits on the part of people having cattle killed by the cars. The railroads are not fenced, it being cheaper to pay for cattle killed than to fence in the track. Cattle are really worth only about \$12 a head on the plains of Texas, but whenever the railroad was sued for killing stock the

company would be mulcted about \$30 a "A year ago last summer a drover got into deep water financially and offered to sell his entire herd to the company. Mr. Green bought it. It was at this time that Mrs, Green was in Texas, and learned from her son of the price of cattle killed by the cars. She advised buying the stock. The cattle were then turned loose on the railroad's land and allowed to multiply. While Mrs. Green was at Waco a man who had had a "beef" killed by one of Mr. Green's locomotives threatened to bring

"Let me fix it," said Mrs. Green when she heard of it, and, taking the com-plainant out to her son's herd, told him to pick out a cow and tales it along. The man reluctantly did so, and Mrs. Green tramped back to Waco delighted. This custom has been followed since that time at a saving of time, trouble, lawsuits and legal expenses to the com-

Repairs were being made a year ago on one of Mrs. Green's buildings in Broad street, in this city. She "kept tab" on every man and the way he put in his time. One morning a painter was five minutes late.

"You're around pretty early, ain't you, Mrs. Green?" the man asked. "You're just right. I'm around early," she responded, her cold gray eyes fas-tened upon his. "If I didn't watch you all the time you'd soon be owning this building and I'd be doing the painting."

The man was never late after that. A tricky lawyer worsted her last summer. In company with Mrs. Green's Chicago lawyer he called on her at the Chemical Bank. Her Chicago lawyer was in to consult her about an important lawsuit. The New York lawyer asked the privilege of borrowing some of the papers in the case, claiming to have a case on hand similar to it. Mrs. Green lent him the desired papers, with the written stipulation that he was in no way to consider himself her lawyer. This was agreed upon. Then, through the Chicago lawyer, who thought his New York friend all right, the latter was kept informed of Mrs. Green's movements. One day as she was about ' to leave her boarding house in Brooklyn for Chicago on important business the lawyer appeared with a bill for \$1,000 for legal services.

"I don't owe you a cent," said Hetty. "Pay it or I'll get out a writ preventing you from leaving the State," said the lawyer. She thought of her Chicago mortgages. "I'll give you \$100 to let me go," said she. The offer was accepted and she got a receipt in full for all legal

The laughable thing about this lawyer was that he actually had the audacity to do the same thing again the following month as Mrs. Green was again starting for Chicago. She gave him \$25 the second time. He tried a third time and failed. Then he sued her for \$2,500 for alleged legal services, but before the suit came to trial he was chased out of the city for fraud.

To her washerwoman she said recently: "You needn't mind washing the tops of my skirts. Wash only the botsure and deduct one-half on the skirts, as I will not pay for unnecessary work.' The washerwoman thought it was a joke, but found the next week that there was no joke about it. The deduction

had to be made. One of her lawyers was sick last sum mer. His house is far uptown. She went to see him every day. Learning that seltzer and milk had been prescribed for him, she hunted up a dealer in Forty-second street whose seltzer was said to be the best in the city and herself carried two heavy bottles of the

water to the sick lawyer. She will help any one who can enlist the sympathies of her son Edward. He has a hobby for helping young doctors. On his representations Mrs. Green len over \$15,000 without security to six young doctors in this city, and then she got patients for many of them. She will exert just as much of her shrewdness in buying an apple as she does in the purchase of a building. The main thing with her is not to pay more than the thing is worth. It is a part of her professional code to buy everything as

cheap as possible. As has already been published, she is afraid to stay long at one place for fear of being poisoned. She has hidden food prepared by herself under her pillow time and again, and eaten a cold breakfast rather than run the risk of poison from hotel or boarding house

### EMERSON'S YOUTH.

He Served as a Walter and a Tutor During His College Course.

Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas. Ralph Waldo Emerson was born May 25, 1803, in Boston, not far from the birthplace of Franklin. His father was a clergyman who had recently founded what is now the library of the Boston Athenaeum. Books rather than the ordinary boyish sports were the delight of the son. He rarely played, and never owned a sled. In the austere New England life of the time there was little leisure for mere amusement.

Emerson's father died before the boy was eight years old, and thereafter the child had to help his mother, who took boarders and tried hard to give her sons an education such as their father's. Emerson entered the Latin School in 1813, and one day the next year when there was a rumor that the British were going to send a fleet to Boston harbor he went with the rest of the boys to help build earthworks on one of the islands. About this time also he began to rhyme, celebrating in juvenile verse the victories of the young Ameri-

In August, 1817, Emerson entered Harvard College, receiving help from various funds intended to aid poor students, and obtaining the appointment of "president's freshman," a student who received his lodgings free in return for carrying official messages. He served also as waiter at the college commons, and so saved three-fourths the cost of his board. Later in his college course he acted as tutor to younger pupils. He seems to have impresse his instructors as a youth of remarkable ability, but he was not a diligent student. In those days Harvard was not a university; it was not even a college; it was little more than a high school where boys recited their lessons. Emerson was only eighteen when he was graduated, feeling that the regular course of studies had done little for him, and having therefore strayed out of the beaten path to browse for himself among the books in the library. He was popular with the best of his classmates, and at graduation he was class

Whatever the value of a college education in those days, Emerson was the earliest of the little group of the found ers of American literature to go throu college. Franklin, having to work for his living from early boyhood, had no time; Irving, after preparing for Columbia, threw his chance away, while Cooper was expelled from Yale, and

liams that he left it after a single year. But the authors who came after Emerson made sure of the best education that this country could afford them. Hawthorne and Longfellow were graduated from Bowdoin. wniie from Emerson's college, Harvard, were to come Holmes, Thoreau and Lowell. When he graduated, Emerson's am-

bition was to be a professor of rhetoric, but such a position was never offered to him. He taught school for a while in Boston, earning money to pay his debts and to help his mother. Then he entered the Divinity School at Harvard, and in October, 1826, he was "approbated to preach," delivering his first sermon a few days later. For the sake of his health he spent that winter in Florida at St. Augustine. On his return he lived in Cambridge chiefly, preaching here and there, and in the spring of 1829 he became the minister of the old North Church in Boston. Being thus established, in September he married Miss Ellen Tucker, but he lost his wife soon after the marriage. Moreover, Emerson was not satisfied to remain in the ministry, and in 1832 he resigned

his charge. FEAR AS A CAUSE OF DEATH. magination a Potent Factor in Acquiring a Fatal Disease.

New York World. "Of the whole number of persons supposed to die of disease," said a prominent physician the other day, "I should say that at least 50 per cent, are really carried away by fear. Were it not for this element mortality would be far less than it is."

element mortality would be far less than it is."

In support of his statement he cited various cases where the element of fear had entered largely in as a potent factor to persuade people that their time had come. Presentiments, prophecies, premonitions and general nervousness all played their part. On the other hand, a short time ago a patient of a New York hospital was frightened into getting well. This man was brought in an ambulance, supposedly dying from heart failure.

He was laid on a table and a diagnosis showed him to be suffering from hysteria. The surgeon turned to one of his assistants and, asking for a knife, remarked that he would cut down to the heart and find out what the trouble was. The patient gave a yell and leaping from the table started for the door. Remonstrance was in vain. That man was cured and never came back.

Some years ago four criminals, condemned in Russia to die, were taken to a house and shown several beds, in which they were told a number of cholera patients had Gied. As a matter of fact, the beds were new, never having been slept in. The criminals were informed that they would be set at liberty if they would undergo the ordeal of sleeping several nights in the beds. From the prisoners point of view it was a possible, though desperate, chance of escape. They one and all decided to take the chances, At the end of the time prescribed, two were uninjured and went free; but the others developed all the chances. At the end of the time prescribed, two were uninjured and went
free; but the others developed all the
symptoms and died of Asiatic cholera.

Two physicians determined to take advantage of the impressionable mind of a
female patient and prove a theory for
the benefit of science. The lady had complained of an itching on her back. She
was told that a blister would be applied
theread a common postage stamp was Instead, a common postage stamp was applied, and, so runs the chronicle, per-formed all the offices of the plaster which was not there. was not there.

A college professor was once the subject of a practical joke at the hands of the students. They met him one after another and each successively inquired after his health, saying that he looked ill. He took to his bed, a physician was called and for days the professor imag-

Mark Twain on Native Novelists. North American Review.

ined he was ill.

There is only one expert who is qualified to examine the souls and the life of a people and make a valuable report—the native novelist. This expert is so rare that the most populous country can never have fifteen conspicuously and confessedly competent ones in stock at one time. The native specialist is not qualified to begin work until he has been absorbing during twenty-five years. How much of his competency is derived from conscious "observation?" The amount is so slight that it counts for next to nothing in the equipment. Almost the

whole capital of the novelist is the slow accumulation of unconscious observation-absorption. The native expert's intentional observation of manners, speech, character and ways of life can have value, for the and ways of life can have value, for the native knows what they mean without having to cipher out the meaning. But I should be astonished to see a foreigner get at the right meanings, catch the elusive shades of these subtle things. Even the native novelist becomes a foreigner, with a foreigner's limitations, when he steps from the State whose life is familiar to him, into a State whose life he has not lived. Bret Hartegot his California and his Californians by unconscious absorption, and put both of them into his tales alive. But when he came from the Pacific to the Atlantic and tried to do Newport life from study—conscious observation—his failure was absolutely monumental.

## BATH ROOM BELONGINGS.

Things Which This Room Should Have in a Well-Regulated House. New York World.

New York World.

In the opinion of perhaps four women out of every five a bath room is furnished when a curtain is hung at the window and a strip of carpeting placed by the tub. The fifth woman frequently makes the mistake of using it as a storeroom for odds and ends, so that there are very few ideal bath rooms to be found.

The properly-equipped bath room has a rubber or cork mat instead of a woolen one on the floor. It has a chest of drawers and a set of shelves and in the drawers and on the shelves all toilet articles are to be found. In the drawers the face and bath towels are kept in quantities which not the utmost extravagance can exhaust. Wash rags and bath mittens also have tueir place there when they come from the laundry, and each member of the household should have his or her bath belongings marked in some unmistakable manner. In one of the drawers the reserve supplies of soap, the unopened box of sea salt, and the like, may be kept. The shelves should be reserved for articles in constant use.

unopened box of sea sait, and the like, may be kept. The shelves should be reserved for articles in constant use.

On one shelf a box of sait, a soap dish and a brush holder should stand. Ammonia and alcohol are both necessary in the bath room, the one for cleaning anything, from the nickle-plated faucets to ink-stained fingers, and the other for its drying and invigorating properties. There should also be listerine to wash the mouth, a bottle of liquid soap for shampooing and manicuring, a bottle of benzoin and alcohol mixed for removing the sunburn of a day, cold cream, a box of almond meal, tooth powder, and whatever sort of tollet water the owner of the bath room uses. A rubber flesh brush for daily use and a bristle one for occasions when the skin is particularly in need of stimulation, a nall brush and a tooth brush are among the brush necessities. There should be soft, smooth towels for the face and hands, and rough Turkish towels for the body. There should be bran bags, made of bran, a little almond meal, soap shavings and a little orris sewed up bags, made of bran, a little almond meal, soap shavings and a little orris sewed up in cheese cloth for those occasions when extreme daintiness is required.

Above the bath tub should be screwed wire dishes for holding sponges and soap. The bath-tub edge is not the place to deposit these things. There should be a mirror in the room, and one chair at least. A couple of hooks on which the bather may hang her clothes are convenient.

He Never Came Again. Washington Post.

I sat next to a very pretty girl in a herdic yesterday, and quite without meaning it I overheard what she said to a friend ing it I overheard what she said to a friend who was with her.

"No." said she, "he hasn't been to see me for a month, and I reckon he'll never come again. He is lovely, too—awfully swell, and as sensitive as a girl. It's all mamma's fault, and I'm broken-hearted over it. You see, the last time he came over was the evening after Julia's wedding. You know what a lovely account of it there was in the Post. Well, mamma had been too busy all day to read it, so just a little after 10 o'clock she came to the head of the stairs and called down to me, 'Jennie, please bring me up the morning paper.'

"He was talking beautifully, but he stopped, marched out into the hall, and said to her, 'It hasn't come yet.' Then he took his hat and went. I haven't seen him since, but I almost want to be an orphan."

but I almost want to be an orphan."

Philadelphia Inquirer. Sunday-school Teacher—Who can tell me what the quotation "By their fruits ye shall know them" means?
Willie Bright—I guess it means the dague that keep the stands on the corners.